

Unwarranted

Written by a Society of Persons, who have
the Entertainment of the Public at Heart.

The First PART.



Consisting of

- I. The Wife-Licker's Wife.
- II. Advice to an Old Lady, who has bury'd Six
Husbands, and sets up for the Seventh.
- III. A Comical Dialogue between a Butcher and his
Wife, after his return from the Ale-house.
- IV. The first mounting of a young Excise-man for
the Country, or good Advice to Broken Shop-
keepers.
- V. The Gaffer's Wife, or an Ally-Comedy, call'd,
Punch and Judy.

L O N D O N :

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THE
WINE Bibber's
WISH.

O Give me, kind *Bacchus*, thou God of the Vine,
Not a Pipe or a Tun, but an Ocean of Wine,
And a Ship that's well Mann'd with such rare
(merry Fellows,
That ne'er forsook Tavern for Porterly Ale-house;
May her Bottom be leaky to let in the Tipple,
And no Pump on board her to save Ship or People;
So that each jolly Lad should suck heartily round,
And be always oblig'd to drink on or be drown'd.

Let a Fleet from *Virginia* well laden with Weed,
And a Cargo of Pipes that we nothing may need,
Attend at our Stern to supply us with Guns,
And to weigh us out Funk not by Pounds but by
(Tuns

When thus fitted out, we would sail cross the
 Line,
 And swim round the World in a Sea of good Wine,
 Steer safe in the middle, and vow never more,
 To renounce such a Life for the Pleasures on Shore,
 The greatest of which, besides that of the Bottle,
 Is a Whore that's no more than impertinent Tattle,
 And is but at best one of *Pandora's* Boxes
 That poysons the World with her Claps and her
 (Poxes
 From such sort of Plagues we would ever live free,
 And like *Xanthus* lay Wagers we'd drink up the
 (Sea;
 Look chearfully round us and comfort our Eyes,
 With a Deluge of Claret inclos'd with the Skies,
 A Sight that wou'd mend a pale Mortal's Com-
 (plexion,
 And make him blush more than the Sun by Re-
 (flection;
 No Zealous Contentions should ever perplex us,
 No Politick Jarrs should divide us or vex us,
 No *Presbiter Jack* should reform us or ride us,
 The Stars and our whimsical Noddles should
 (guide us
 No

No blustering Storms should possess us with Fears,
Or hurry us like Cowards from drinking to Prayers,
But still with full Bowls we'd for *Bacchus* maintain
The most glorious Dominions o'th' Claret Main,
And tipple all round till our Eyes shone as bright,
As the Sun does by Day or the Stars do by Night.

Thus thus would I live free from Care or Design,
And when Death should prevail I'd be pick'd in
(Wine,

That is tofs'd over-board, have the Sea for my
(Grave

And lie nobly Intomb'd in a Blood-colour'd Wave,
That living or dead, both my Body and Spirit
Should float round the Globe in an Ocean of Claret.

The truest of Friends, and the best of all Juices,
Worth both the rich Metals that *India* produces;

**For all Men, we find, from the Young to the Old,
Will exchange for the Bottle, their Silver or Gold,**

Except rich Fanaticks, a Pox on their Pictures,

**Who make themselves Slaves to their Prayers and
(their Lectures**

And think that on Earth there is nothing Divine,

But a Canting old Fool and a Bag full of Coin ;
What

What tho the dull Saint makes his Standard
 (Sterling
 His Refuge, his Glory, his God and his Darling;
 The Mortal that drinks is the only brave Fellow,
 Tho never so poor he's a King when he's mellow,
 Grows richer than *Crassus* with whimsical thinking,
 And never knows Care whilst he follows his
 (drinking

*Advice to an Old L A D Y, who has
 bury'd Six Husbands and sets up
 for the Seventh.*

FOrbear old Beldam, 'tis, I vow, a Crime,
 To think of Wedlock thus a seventh time;
 Age that has plow'd up your declining Face,
 Robb'd you of every youthful charming Grace;
 Decay'd your Plumpness, melted down your Fat,
 And left rude Furrows where your Cupids fate,
 New bleach'd your Eye-brows, snow'd upon your
 (Crown
 And turn'd your sable Locks to milky Down,

Destroy'd those Iv'ry Fences, that when young
 Adorn'd your Ruby Lips and tun'd your Tongue,
 Age that has made you Baren and Diseas'd,
 Jealous, perverse, too peevish to be pleas'd;
 Nauseous and useles in a Marry'd State,
 Penur'ous, haughty, full of senseless Prate,
 Methinks by this time might have found a way,
 To've made you Grave and Wise instead of Gay;
 Can you not see in your deceitful Glas,
 The flabby Wrinkles of your wither'd Face?
 And how the greasy white Pomatum shines
 In all those aged Crevises and Lines,
 Which flattering Unguent does too plainly shew
 You are not only Old but Vicious too?
 And that your Age, which no Device can hide,
 Is still dishonour'd with your Lust and Pride;
 Patches and Paint, which foolishly you wear,
 To give your ancient Face a modern Air,
 Makes you, in spite of Art, appear before,
 But like a rotten House new painted o're,
 Whose Front, although new daub'd, yet shews
 And looks at best but scandalously gay: (decay
 You

Your lofty Tow'r that's mounted up so high,
 And gaudy Topknot of a youthful Dye,
 Takes not one Year from off your wringled Brows,
 But shews us you're an old lascivious Blowze,
 That courts th' Embraces of a seventh Spouse;
 So have I often seen a founder'd Jade,
 Wretchedly old, and cursedly decay'd,
 Adorn'd with Scutcheons Streamers, and with
 (Plume,
 Which did the hide-bound Jade but ill become,
 Drawing a tatter'd Herse by light of Torch,
 From *Russel's* State-house to some neighb'ring
 (Church,
 Yet all his Trappings did but ill disguise,
 His spavin'd Heels, lean Sides, and hollow Eyes,
 For still the crazy broken winded Beast
 Look'd old and ugly tho so finely drest.
 And only fit to put the World in Mind
 Of Death, the Conqueror of all Mankind,
 Whose Carravan came rumbling on behind;
 Just so, mistaken Dame, tho you desire
 To hide your crippl'd Age with gay Attire,

Yet all's in vain, for wherefoe'er you move,
Death follows with his Dart instead of Love.

Therefore, for shame old Grannum think no
(more
Of Wedlock, but your fruitless hopes give o're;
For mourning Weeds exchange your gaudy Dress,
That do so ill become that ancient Face.
Keep to your Closet, Penitence and Pray'rs,
Should be the Works of your declining Years.
Beg Pardon that your killing Charms have fed,
The Grave with six kind Husbands from your Bed.
Remain Content, and think them not too few,
The number is a above a Woman's due:
But if a Seventh Fool should be decoy'd,
To shoot that Gulph which has 3 brace destroy'd,
And for your Wealth should mount a fatal Jade,
That has such havock of your Spouses made,
May the Hot Oven of thy murd'ring Lust,
Calcine him like the other Six to Dust.

*A Dialogue between a Botcher and
his Wife, after his return from
the Ale-house.*

Wife.

I Find you old Sot that your rising so soon,
Was to only have time to get Drunk before
(Noon.

Mr. Gundy the Smith has been twice at the Door
And has vow'd you shall ne'er do a Stich for him
more,

Because you have fail'd him in turning his Suit,
By the time you so faithfully promis'd to do it.

Jol. Nimble the Porter too raves for his Britches,
For those he has on are broke out in the Stitches:
He wants 'em so much, that he vows by this Light,
Either done or undone, he must have them to Night.

And now do you think you are not a fine Sot,
To neglect all your Work for the Pipe and the Pot;
At such a time too, when you cannot but know,
What a Score at the Chandlers and Bakers we owe.

Botcher

Botcher.

A Pox of your Tongue, pray have you been
 (ripping,
 The Coat I'm to turn for my old Neighbour Tipping.
 No, yonder it lies in the very same plight,
 That I left it i'th' Morn, so shall find it at Night.
 No Mortal was ever fure plagu'd with a Hussy,
 So Whorish, so Sluttish, so Sawcy and Lazy.

And must your damn'd Clack teaz me into the
 (bargain,
 More loud than the Drone of a Bagpipe or Organ.
 Be silent you Baggage, or else by the L—,
 I shall measure your Ladyships Back with my Yard
 And so tickle your Hump, that I'll make you to
 (know,
 I am Master, you Whore, and will ever be so.

Wife.

You Cabbaging Thief, d'ye believe I'm affraid,
 Thus to reason the Case when my Children want
 (Bread.
 Do you think if the Neighbours should know how
 (you use us,
 They would not all say you're a Rogue to abuse us.

Must you at the Ale-house sit playing at Put,
 And with strong Beer and Brandy lye stuffing
 (your Gutt,
 Whilst I all the Day stay at Home to save Charges,
 And Live on small Drink that's as fower as Varges;
 Which all Women know is so bad for a Nurse,
 That there's nothing you hard hearted Dog can
 (be worfe.

It Poysons my Milk, Gripes the Child in my Arms,
 And fills the poor Infant with nothing but Worms.
 Besides, have I had any Victuals you Brute,
 But a Mouldy old Crust and a Cucumber to't
 Since yesterday Noon, and d'ye think I can quiet
 And Suckle my Baby with such sorry Diet;
 I vow and protest either keep to your Work,
 And dispatch what you now have in hand with a
 (Jirk;

That my Infant and I may have something to
 cherish

Ourselves, or I swear Ill complain to the Parish,
 And should I do so, e'eryour many Days older
 You'd be sent like a Rogue as you are for a Soldier

Botcher.

Here's Sixpence you Jade, won at Nine-pins to
 Day,
 Who'd Work that can get so much Money at play.
 Go buy a Sheep's Head with the Pluck hanging to it,
 'Tis a Feast for a Prince, as you know how to do it.
 I pray let the Scull be dinn'd up by it self,
 In the red Earthen Platter that stands on the Shelf:
 The Brains with some Sage in a Rag must be boil'd,
 And when butter'd, no Pap is so good for the Child.
 Then cut out the Tongue while its hot from the
 Jaws,
 And when split and well par'd, lay it over the Sauce;
 But as to the Gather to me it's all one,
 If you please you may Mince it or let it alone.
 But Betty, one thing I had like to've forgot,
 Pray besure it's well wash'd e'er it's put in the Pot.

Wife.

Would you have me to wash it, not I by my troth,
 Don't you know very well it will weaken the Broth,
 What strength will there be in the Porridge, I pray,
 If the Blood and the Snivel be wash'd all away:

De

I hope Goodman Ninny, I'm not such a Child,
 But I know how a Sheeps-head sure ought to be
 (boil'd;
 Have I for your Palate cook'd so many score,
 And must I be thus tutor'd still over and o're:
 I say the best way, as I've often been told,
 Is to put it i'th' Pot when the Water is Cold,
 Unwash'd and unpick'd, and the Porridge and Meat
 Will be, one the more strong and the other more
 (sweet.

Botcher.

Well, please thy own self, thou'rt a Slattern 'tis
 (true,
 Yet, I think thee to be the best Cook of the Two.
 But prithee-now *Bess*, let us Eat it in quiet,
 For scolding thou know'st I abhor with my Diet;
 So here's Two Pence Half-penny more I have got,
 Of such Beer as you love, let us have a full Pot;
 That like Husband and Wife we may Drink and
 (be Friends,
 And at Night thou shalt find I will make thee
 (amends.

Wes.

Wife.

Why, is not this better than sitting all Day,
At an Ale-house, and squand'ring your Money
(away;

To Grease a fat Sow, a great Tun-belly'd Blouze,
Who, when once you grow Poor, will forbid you
(her House.

Ah! *John*, wert thou Sick, or should any Man
Goal thee,

Thy Hostess, and tipp'ling Companions would
fail thee:

In time of Affliction, I doubt thou would'st find,
Few Friends but thy Wife, to be loving and kind.

Come give her a Kiss, and from hence take a fare-
(wel

Of this sort of Life, and we never shall Quarrel.

Botcher.

I own I'm to blame, but I'll learn to be Wise,
I protest my dear Girl yon bring Tears in my Eyes;
Well, be a good Wife, and not Chatter or Mutter,
And I'll mend my Life, thou shalt find for the fu-
(ture.

*The mounting of a young Excise-man
for the Country, or good Advice to
Broken Shopkeepers.*

WHoe'er desires to be a fawning Slave,
A wand'ring Fool, yet to be thought a
Knave,

A Servile Tool, to be remov'd and Tost,
Without Just Cause from Pillar unto Post;
At least Ten Guineas, let him first take Care
To raise, and next a sliding Rule prepare;
With other Jimcracks by the Board thought pro-
per,

To Gage a Brew-house from the Tun to th' Copper,
When thus equipp'd, and by some bungler
Taught,

To use his Tackle as the Bubble ought,
Again, with humble Cringes must he go,
Before their Honours, that the Fool may know,
To what Welsh County or what Town remote
They're pleas'd to send him when his Gold they
Suck

Some starving Walk they doom to be his Fate,
 Where needy Ale-wives do Excisemen hate
 And with their Verbal Thunder teaz 'em more
 Than the Rude Rabble do a Drunken Whore.

Next, for his tedious Journey, he provides
 Some founder'd Jade, whose Skeletonian Sides,
 Lank Buttocks, bony Hips, and broken Wind
 Denote him one of *Pharaoh's* famili'd Kind :

When thus grown Master of a Spavin'd Beast,
 Show'd Fifty times in *Smithfield-Rounds* at least ;

A pair of Boots at Second hand he buys,
 To save his Hose from Dust, his Legs from Flies :

Then like a Warrior with an armed Heel,
 And by his Side a Scymetar of Steel,

His Dexter Leg does o'er the Saddle fling,
 And mounts his Courser with an active spring ;

Then takes a Blunderbuss or Musquetoone,
 And o'er his Horses Neck supports the Gun :

When, like *Don Quixot*, that renowned Knight,
 He's thus prepar'd to break the Way or Fight,

As Order'd by the Board, he must attend
 Some Proud Collector to his Journey's End

To fortify his Bags, as up and down
 'The Money'd-Upstart rides from Town to Town.
 Where at each Stage the Scar-crow to a Thief
 Is Valiant made with Pudding, Ale, and Beef;
 Shews much Respect to an Imperious T----
 Sits like a Mute, and bows at e'ery Word.

When this is over, he assumes his Place,
 Which lies remote among some heathenish Race,
 Where he lives hated for a little Time,
 At last, is jostl'd out without a Crime ;
 Not that he's Careless or Dishonest been,
 But must make way to let new Cullies in:
 Who only with their Gold fresh Int'rest make,
 And Bribe their Ruin with their last poor Stake;
 Which by some servile K----- is first receiv'd,
 But handed upwards 'tis by most believ'd.

Thus is the Bus'ness of that grand Affair,
 Thro' wheedling hangers on, become a Snare;
 Who with the pow'rful Petticoat prevail
 To snack those Golden Weights that turn the Scale
 These by Clandestine tamp'ring can with ease
 Turn out, or in, what Officers they please;

Who to Admittance gain, must bleed and pray,
And thus at once both humbly bow and pay.

Therefore beware of those my youthful Friend,
Who mighty Int'rest with the Board pretend ;
As Kinsmen, Vallets, and the Lord knows who,
They'll manage well for some, but ill for you.
Be careful how you pull your Money forth ;
Give Nothing for it, for it's Nothing worth :
But if, like other Fools, you would be serv'd,
Buy your self in, be soon kick'd out, and starv'd ;
May you be Curs'd and for a Soldier sent,
And let that doom become your Punishment.

*The GOSSIP'S VISIT : Or, An
Alley-Comedy, call'd, FEMALE
TITTLE TATTLE.*

1 Gof. **N**Eighbour, Good Morrow ! How d'ye
(do ?

2. Gof. Thank you kind Neighbour, How do
(you ?

1 Goff. Tho' I'm in haste, I could no more,

I Vow and Swear, pass by the Dore

Without just calling in upon ye,
 To take a Kifs of *Little Johnny*,
 Than I could fly ———

2 *Goff.* ——— 'Tis kindly done;
 How does your Spouse, and little Son?

1 *Goff.* All very well; But by the way,
 How does your Husband do to Day?
 I hear, poor Man, he's got a Hurt,
 I Vow I'm very sorry for't.
 How came this ugly Chance about,
 I hope there's nothing Broke or out;
 Alas, he's ill in Bed I fear,
 Because I do not see him here.

2 *Goff.* No he's at Work as he is us'd,
 Altho' his Face is sadly bruise'd:
 A drunken Sot, 'tis no great matter,
 'Twill teach the Fool more Wit hereafter.
 If Men will Drink beyond their Senses,
 And put no bounds to their Expences,
 But guzzle till they rave and squabble,
 And fight each other cross the Table;
 If harm come's on't, the Sots I think,
 May thank themselves, or else their Drink. 1 *Goff.*

1 Goff. How was it pray, and what about,
 Could two such Loving Friends fall out
 As *Clumsy Tom*, and your Good Man,
 For they were always Cup and Can:
 Alas, who'd think the Strong Beer Barrel
 Should make such old Companions Quarrel?

2 Goff. Why, *Tom* the Porter being Mellow,
 And *Tom*, you know's a foul-mouth'd Fellow,
 Happen'd, I think, in's Cups to call
 My Husband Cuckold, that was all:

And he's a pievish silly Man
 That cannot bear what others can;
 So touchy when the Maggot takes him,
 That even pointing thus, will vex him;
 So that altho' 'twas only spoke

I dare to swear by way of Joke,
 Yet was my angry Wasp as Eager
 To fight, as if he 'ad been a Tyger,
 When all the while, as *Tom* protested,
 He meant no harm, but only Jested.

Cuckold, you know's a word of course,
 What Man would think himself the worse

For

For being call'd so, when he knows
 The silly Name can't hurt his Brows ?
 However *John*, to show his Valour,
 Took *Tom* the Porter by the Collar :
 And told him, That he'd make him Eat
 His Words as surely as his Meat.
 With that they fell to't cross the Table,
 And box'd as long as they were Able ;
 At last when both the silly Oafs
 Were tir'd with Bruises Kicks and Cuffs,
 And that their Breath was almost spent,
 The Fools gave over by Consent,
 Shook Hands and drank to one another
 Kindly, as Brother could to Brother,
 So were good Friends the following Minute,
 And this they say is all that's in it.
 Only my Waspsish angry Sot
 Is sadly bruis'd, I pitty'm not ;
 But hope 'twill make the wrangling Beast
 Know better how to take a Jeast.

I *Goff*. But hark ye Neighbour, let me tell ye
 You're in the wrong, I think so really :

For since your Spouse took this Occasion
 To Vindicate your Reputation,
 In my opinion, you in short
 Should value and Commend him for't.
 Suppose an Ill-bred foul-mouth'd Lubber,
 No matter whether Drunk or Sober,
 Should openly my Spouse disgrace,
 And Call him Cuckold to his face,
 What must he make, ad's Flesh and Life,
 Of me that am the Cuckold's Wife?
 Were any faucy *Jack* to Jeer him
 With such a Name, and I to hear him,
 I Vow I'd have the Rascal's Blood,
 Or tear his Eyes out if I cou'd :
 Cuckold, the very thought I vow
 Makes me all Chill I know not how.
 But, Bless me, what do I do here !
 I must be running Home I'll Swear ;
 My patient Spouse, I'll war'nt, will think
 I'm gone to the Devil for his Drink ;
 But that's my Comfort that he knows
 I vallue not his Words or Blows :

Look

Look you, say I, be quiet *John*,
 You know I'll give you two to one ;
 Well, but I vow I must be going,
 He may well wonder what I'm doing.

2 *Goff*. What need you be in such a hurry,
 Pray sit you down the time you tarry ;
 Tho', I confess, I scarce can Court ye,
 My Brats have made my Room so dirty ;
 But tho' you ve chanc'd to catch me nasty,
 I hope that makes you not so hasty.

1 *Goff*. Laird Neighbour *Spriggins*, what d'ye
 I think you're always very Clean, (mean,
 I wonder e'ery time I see it,
 How you can keep your House so neat.

2 *Goff*. Nay, don't you say so, for I vow
 You Jeer me to some purpose now ;
 I know that your House always lies
 Like any Charming Paradise ;
 But as for mine, my Rampant Rogues
 Run scamp'ring out without their Clogs :
 And tho' new clean'd, if they come in it,
 'Tis all o'er Dirty in a Minute,

And

1. Goff. It can't be help'd all People know
Where there are Children 'twill be so.

2. Goff. But well remember'd, I have got,
The pleasant'st News just piping hot
You ever heard, I vow I'm forry,
I should forget so good a story,
And keep it from you all this while,
Because I'm sure 'twill make you Smile.

1. Goff. You know I'm trusty, pray declare it,
For I'm impatient till I hear it,
If 'tis a Secret talk the lower,
There may be Lift'ners at the Door :
I want to know this merry Tale,
That is (you say) so Comical.

2. Goff. Don't you remember you have seen,
A Tall Young Minx with Topknot Green,
That us'd most commonly to go,
In Grazet Gown and Furbuloe ?
Why should I question it, I'm sure,
You can't do otherwise than know her :
She Lodge's with my Neighbour Tuffen,
I'm certain you have seen her often.

1. *Goff.* Yes, yes, I know the lofty Quean,
 Is that the haughty Minx you mean ;
 If all be true as Folks report,
 She's not a Stranger to 'he Sport ;
 Nay, some will say She's been at had 'em,
 But pray what is your News of Madam.

2. *Goff.* Last Night it seems th' Informers watch'd
 (her,
 And in a Common Bawdyhouse catch'd her ;
 Upstairs upon a Bed some tell ye,
 With *Stubs's*, that nasty Rogue the Bailey ;
 For which my Lady and her Hostess,
 Were taken both before the Justice,
 Who sent 'em as he had good Reason,
 To that most shameful Place New Prison.
Stubs's Wife hearing what was acted,
 Rattles and Raves like one distracted,
 And is so furious that She crys out,
 She'll pull her Nose off and her Eyes out ;
 And vows if e'er the brazen Whore,
 Comes near her Husband any more,

She'll ne'er forgive her the Affront,
But be her Death what e'er comes on't.

1. *Goff.* Truly I cannot blame his Wife,
I'd do the same upon my Life,
Such Strumpets by their evil Course,
Make honest Women fare the worse.
They shall be Coach'd about the Town,
Forsooth, and treated up and down;
Go in their Silks and Laces Drest,
And Eat, Pox Choak 'em, of the best.
Whilst we poor Fools that marry'd are,
Shall be grutch'd e'ery thing we wear,
And have no dainty bits but what,
Must be in hugger mugger got,
When you and I together go,
To my Dame *Gurton's* House or so,
To fling away a Market Penny,
Or spend a little Pinch-gut Money.

2. *Goff.* That's true, but could you think this
(Jade,
Who looks as modest as a Maid,

Should e'er be catch'd, a muftrain on her,
 Sinning in fuch a shameful manner,
 With that ill favour'd Fellow too,
 The ugly'ft Dog you ever knew;
 E'faith it is a fign She wanted,
 Poor filly Slut to be gallanted,
 Or elfe the Giddy thoughtlefs Trollup
 Would never fure have turn'd her Tail up,
 To the worft Rake-hell in our Ally,
 A nafty fetting Dog, a Bailey.

1 Goff. Lord how you talk, if once a Woman
 T' oblige her wicked Luft turns Common,
 She'll lye with any Man to ease her,
 That has but you know what to please her.

2 Coff. Well, but I'll fwear was I inclin'd
 To be like her, a little kind,
 And did I really love the Sport,
 But I'd not give Three Farthings for't,
 I'd chufe a Man to please my Fancy,
 That fould be fomething like a Tanfie,
 Such as *Will Jinkins* or *Tom Und'ril*,
 And not take up with e'ery Scoundrel.

1 Goff.

¹ Goff. Since you now talk of 'em I pray,
When saw you them —————

² Goff. ————— The other Day :
They ask'd me kindly how you did,
And said I know not what beside ;
Tho' I could tell you if I wou'd,
But that I fear 'twould make you Proud.

¹ Goff. Prithee let's hear, for I am certain
They could say nothing that there's hurt it.
Well, Neighbour, I shall ne'er forget,
How merry we were all one Night ;
What, will it never so fall out,
That we may've such another Bout :
Jinkins I swear's a jolly Blade ;
But Prithee tell me what they said.

² Goff. Why truly if I must be free,
They said you're excellent Company,
And would be very glad once more,
To meet us where we Drank before.

¹ Goff. I vow they both were very Civil,
I dare believe they mean no Evil ;

I'll meet 'em there at any time
 If you are willing, where's the Crime:
 But bless me what am I doing,
 Well, I protest I must be going,

2 Goff. Why so uneasy of a sudden,
 Pray Eat a bit of Beef and Pudding.
 Believe me I'm extreamly sorry,
 I've nothing else to set before. ye.

1 Goff. Thank you good Neighbour Pudding
 (Cold,

Is said you know in Proverb old
 To settle Love, but mine already
 Is, G--d be thank'd, fix'd and steady.

2 Goff. Lord Neighbour how you Pick and Piddle,
 Pray Cut a Luncheon in the middle;
 I wish'd you with us when 'twas Hot,
 Pray Eat whilst I go fetch a Pot.

1 Goff. Hold Neighbour, stay and take my Mony
 We'll have Two Quarts if we have any;
 I have not Drank I dare to say,
 Above One single Pot to Day.

2 Goff. Pray put your Money up, d'ye think
I'll give you Viſtuals and no Drink.

1 Goff. Nay take it —————

2 Goff. ————— But I vow I won't.

1 Goff. I'll ſwear you ſhall. —————

2 Goff. ————— Nay prithee don't.

1 Goff. Pray let us have no more diſpute,

But add I ſay my Three Pence to't ;

Before as long as I have Money,

I'll not put all the Charge upon ye.

2 Goff. I vow I hate this as I live,

Why ſhould you be ſo poſitive ;

I'm ſure when e'er I viſit you,

You give me Drink and Viſtuals too ;

And therefore Neighbour you're to blame,

You will not let me do the ſame ;

But ſince you will do what you liſt,

Tell me what Drink you like the beſt.

1 Goff. I'd have ſuch Liquor if I cou'd,

That makes good Milk and breeds good Blood.

Stout Knappy Ale, for to my thinking,

That's proper'ſt for a Nurſes drinking ;

If you'll but speak to honest *Nan*,
 You know she'll please us if she can:
 Tip but the ~~Wink~~ upon the Slut,
 She'll Crown it with a dash of Stout;
 The Master's but a furly Hog,
 Befure you give the Wench the Jug.

2 *Goff*. But least my *Johnny* should awake.
 Before I happen to come back,
 I beg you Neighbour whilst I go,
 To jog the Cradle with your Toe.

1 *Goff*. Take you no Care I'll mind the Child,
 But pray now let the Drink be Mild;
 For if She puts too much oth' Stale in't,
 I'd's live the Jade should lay her Tail in't.

Exit one Gossip with the Pitcher.

The other to the Child in the Cradle.

1 *Goff*. Hush, Lullaby my dainty Moppit,
 How pale thou look'st my pretty Poppit;
 Let's tuck thee in and keep the warm,
 Poor little Fool thou think'st no harm:
 What wicked cruel Sluts must they be,
 That e'er could hurt so dear a Babee;

I have I heard of bar'brous Whores
 Who've drop'd their Brats at other's Doors;
 I'm sure I could at Tyburn swing,
 Rather than do so base a thing;
 Let such a Slut say what she can,
 That Woman cannot love a Man,
 To drop a Child of his begetting,
 That will be yielding or abetting,
 What tho its sinfully begot,
 The Infant is not in the Fau't,
 That had no Pleasure in the Sport,
 Why therefore should it suffer for't,
 The sinful Action all agree,
 Is past before the Child can be.
 How then can wicked Parents blame
 The Babe for being got in Shame;
 As if unthinking Innocence
 Had bore a share in the Offence.

[Enter Gossip with the Drink]

—Here's Ale, you merry Crack,
 As strong as Mum, and clear as Sack;

See how it smiles, no Bottle Drink
Can bear a better Head, I think.

1. *Goff*. It looks most rarely, I confess it,
But drink, for that's the way to praise it ;
Come let's remember, if you will,
Young Jenkins and Tom Underhil.

2. *Goff*. Done, here's their Healths withall my
(Heart,
I'd off with't were the Cup a Quart.

1. *Goff*. Well done, old Girl, I love to see
A Woman take it heartily,
And not make Faces when she drinks,
As if sh'was such a modest Minx,
That could not drink one flowing Bowl,
Altho she loves it with her Soul ;
And in her Chamber or her Closet,
Will take off ten when no Man knows it.

2. *Goff*. Neighbour, you see I fill it up,
I love to drink a hearty Cup,
Come Gossip, here's the 'forefaid Health,
May they have always Strength and Wealth,
That the two PP's may never fail 'em ;
But don't you play the Wag and tell 'em ;

For 'tis not fit that Men shou'd hear

What Women tattle o're their Beer ;

[Drinks -

'Tis gone Efaith, I'll swear 'tis good,]

I feel't already in my Blood.

This *Nan* I vow's an honest Trout,

The Gypfy has not spar'd the Stout,

'Tis soft and strong, I really think

No Duches can have better Drink.

1 *Goff*. Marry come up, why should not we
Quaff as good Ale as Quality ;

We pay for't honestly I'm sure,

My Lady *Flirt* can do no more ;

Nay, some of 'em, for all their Pride,

Or else they basely are, bely'd,

Eat, drink and wear what Tradesmen find

They pay for when the Devil's blind.

2 *Goff*. Why truly Neighbour, tho they squint
At us, poor Folk, there's nothing in't,

But Pride, Conceit, and Ostentation,

Meer Vanities too much in Fashion ;

'Tis true, they patch and paint their Faces,

And wear rich Silks and *Flanders* Laces,

Powder their Arm-pits and their Hair,
 Use Orange Water you know where,
 Anoint their Skins with sweet Pomatums,
 To charm the Beaus and such Fool-atums;
 When poor Folks should, they use such Art,
 Would smell as sweet in e'ry part,
 And were they but adorn'd as gay,
 Would look as beautiful as they.

2 Goss. Good Neighbour drink, I hate delaying,
 I vow I shall be hang'd for staying.

1 Goss. Laird you're so hasty, come her's t'ye,
 Remembring honest——let me see,
 Prithee do you Name who't shall be,
 Let me be kifs'd if I can think
 What Health to Name or whose to Drink.

1 Goss. Amongst old Sweethearts, are there none
 That's worth your present thinking on;
 No Spark among the Am'rous Crew,
 That you still love, or that loves you.

2 Goss. Yes I am sure, there's honest Will
 The Coachman, truly loves me still;

Come

Come drink his Health, he'd fain have had me,

But nothing could, forsooth, perswade me;

A Thousand ways he strove to win me,

But I believe the Dev'l was in me,

Or else I'd had the best of Men,

But I was young and foolish then,

Yet tho at last it prov'd my Lot,

To wed with such an idle Sot.

If there be truth in what Men say,

Will loves me to this very day,

Which makes my froppish Fool so yellow,

He can't be civil to the Fellow ;

But thinks, because the Sot has seen us

Shake Hands, there's God knows what between
(us

i Goss. What's the Jug out, well, Neighbour,
(now

I must be running home I'll vow.

With what Excuse must I assuage

My fretting Husband's thirsty Rage?

Where have you been, you Whore? Quoth he ;

You Rogue, say I, what's that to thee :

No

No hang it, that will never do,
 For Blows will angry Words enfue;
 He sent me for a Pint of Drink,
 Therefore the better way I think,
 'Sto carr' him home a double Pot,
 And that I'm sure will please the Sot.
 Neighbour, farewell, what shifts we Wives
 Are forc'd to make for quiet Lives.

2 Goff. Good by' t'y' kindly; I am sure
 Maids little think what Wives endure.

F I N I S.

ANY Gentleman or Lady who are desirous of having any Song, Poem, Epigram, Epitaph, Elegy, Epithalamium, Satyr, &c. provided the Subject be no ways offensive to the State, or tending to the Scandal of any particular Person. If they please to communicate their Instructions to the Persons concern'd in this Miscellany, which will be continued Monthly, by a Society of merry Gentlemen, they shall have it done gratis, and inserted herein; also if they have any thing of their own, that they are willing should be made publick, if it be judg'd proper for our present undertaking, it shall be carefully admitted, as aforesaid: if they please to direct for Mr George Dagastaff, to be left at Mr Hogarth's Coffee-house in St John's Gate.

